Volume LXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1909 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius and arms him for his task.

—*Emerson on Lincoln.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
The Coming Type. *Mary S. Savage* 387
Notes 387
The Centennial Week 388
Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin 389
Lincoln the Man of the People. *Edwin Markham* 390
THE PULPIT—
Lincoln The Emancipator 391
Industrial Insurance in the United States. H. F. Burns 394
Guests or Guessers. *Mary Newell Youtz* 395
A Mother's Thoughts at the Birth of A Child. Judson A. Rich 395
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living. *Abraham Lincoln* 396
The Meaning of A Smile. *S. E. Kiser* 396
Would Lincoln Have Been Lincoln. *From the Universalist Leader* 396
Not a Safe Man to Wed. *Youths' Companion* ... 396
On Thinking Glad. *John Kendrick Bangs* 396
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes. M. E. H. 397

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

DREXEL STATE BANK

Oakwood Blvd. and Cottage Grove Ave.

CAPITAL $200,000
DEPOSITS $2,500,000

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts---Safety Boxes For Rent

SCHUMANN & COMPANY

CLEANING
SILKS, SATINS, SUITS, PORTIERS, RUGS
BY NAPTHA PROCESS
ALSO HOUSE RENOVATING BY OUR COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM PROCESS

ESTIMATES FURNISHED TWO VACUUM WAGONS
3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE,, PHONE DOUGLAS 1442

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW

UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS

Tailor

For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE
EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

Phones: Oakland 51, Drexel 5654, United 1038

ADAMS BROS. GARAGE

AND

Drexel Stables

171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.

Carriages, Cabs, One-horse Broughams, Theatre Coaches, Light Livery and Boarding.

OPEN ALL NIGHT

12 1-2% Reduction

—IN—

Electric Light Rates

Effective August 1, 1908

ELECTRIC LIGHT is now within reach of every family. Can you afford to be without this modern convenience, when the charges are no higher than for inferior illuminants?

If your house is not wired call Randolph 1280 for particulars of our deferred payment plan of house wiring.

Commonwealth Edison Company
139 Adams Street CHICAGO

Muir
CHICAGO
ESTABLISHED
1865

Flowers for All Occasions

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319

3530 Michigan Ave.
Phone Douglas 319-538

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1909. NUMBER 25.

THE COMING TYPE.

Long in the brooding souls of men there lay
The vision of a nobler type to be;
A dream that passed as heritage alway
From sire to son, enriching destiny.

But who could see this shadowy force within
Carve out its own beatitudes? Who trace,
Amid the world's harsh rivalry and din,
The silent inner progress of the race?

Who recognized the nobler type when met
Along the common pathway of the poor?
Who could believe the seal of greatness set
On any deed of humble, homely doer?

Yet was our nation fashioned and ordained
To cradle into such a man,
Born of the people, taught their needs, and trained
To lead them as the First American.

The face of Lincoln is a face divine,
Through which a strong and tender soul shines forth;
His life stands out, an epic true and fine,
The story of his country, south and north.

Not on our coin, but in our hearts let be
The image of this man of noblest worth;
Great generations yet to come shall see
His type the crowning glory of the earth.

MARY S. SAVAGE.

The *Chicago Illustrated Review* is responsible for this hopeful note, which would indicate that there is a force at work in trade and commerce, as in nature,—

"Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure."

It says that,—

"Where a few years ago the department stores, especially the big ones, offered only plenty of work at poor pay, they now are able to give their employes a thorough business education, better work and better pay. Then, too, the sanitary conditions in all the big stores have been vastly improved and commendable results have been attained in keeping the employes healthy.

"As an example of this, one big tailoring establishment, which a few years ago was nothing but a dirty, ill-smelling sweat-shop in which were employed children irrespective of age, has now been changed into a model shop. The child labor laws are strictly upheld. The sanitary conditions are as nearly perfect as possible, and in order to place themselve above criticism the employers have installed a 'visitor's gallery.' From this place visitors daily view the strictly up-to-date facilities of the institution."

"The Practice of Medicine by the Unfit" is the suggestive title of an article by Rev. George A. Gordon of Boston in the *Congregationalist* for February 15. It is a needed phrase in these days of "healers," "suggesters," "mental treaters" and "absentee doctors." That these new men and new methods are dealing with real forces of much significance we at least have no doubt, but that the forces are new or the use of them unique, we very much doubt, and that these forces can be better used or even successfully applied by those who ignore or, what is still worse, are ignorant of, what real science has achieved in anatomy, physiology and hygiene, we question still more. Whatever, healing force is available in the psychical realm, it is the something more and not the something other and the something less than that which is represented by the achievement of physicians, the triumphs of the laboratory and the hospital, as Dr. Gordon well argues in his article.

UNITY cannot allow the death of the widow of the Rev. John Weiss to pass without notice, however belated. Forty years ago John Weiss was a center of power in the spiritual life of America. His forceful championship of the progressive side of the Unitarian movement, his nervous, epigrammatic way of dealing with the then hot conclusions of rational religion that have since become the common property and largely the common acceptance of progressive men in all the denominations, cannot be forgotten by his contemporaries. He was one of the earliest men in this country to detect the power in Browning's lines and to promote the study of them. One of the treasures of the Browning Room of the Abraham Lincoln Centre is one of the first editions of Browning's Aristophanes' Apology, carefully edited by the pen of this early student. His accomplished wife, Sarah Fiske Weiss, a lady of high descent and rare breeding, has tarried long behind her brilliant husband, to the joy and peace of the three surviving children, and now she has found the peace that passeth understanding and has entered into the mysteries which, to her as to her husband, contained no terrors.

We have already alluded to the unfortunate clash of the Lincoln Centennial and the national meeting of the Religious Education Association in Chicago last week, but the misfortune was to individuals rather than to the occasions; for apparently there were people enough to attend all the meetings of both programs. Certainly there were people enough to make up great programs and to carry them to successful issues. The Editor of UNITY, unfortunately, like so many others,

found it impossible to be in more than one place at a time, and he had more engagements of his own than he was able to fill, so that he must await the printed report before he can profit by the high sayings of the national gathering. That there were high utterances by wise men on important subjects there is abundant assurance, and that these utterances will in many ways modify the theological climate, ameliorate dogmatic severities, damage if they do not obliterate denominational fences and the artificial barriers to fellowship and co-operation maintained by ecclesiastical functions and functionaries, there is no doubt. There are too many religious "claims" today that represent past inspirations rather than present issues. Many of our readers will, with great interest, await with us the appearance of the published volume.

The *Interior* for February 11 contains a carefully written article on "Lincoln's Religious Faith and Principles," written by Dr. Thomas D. Logan, present pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., the church in which Mr. Lincoln had a pew and which he attended with regularity before his departure for Washington. The article shows much commendable research and the conclusion at which the writer arrives is that which will probably stand the test of time, with its deepening experience and higher tests; Lincoln's acquaintance with the Bible and joy therein, his sense of the power of the New Testament message and messenger were great and his conscious relation to the infinite source of all power and love were unusually deep, as Dr. Logan's article clearly and conclusively shows. But any careful study of Lincoln's religious faith which leaves out the most direct and later testimony on the subject, Lincoln's own words as quoted in F. B. Carpenter's "Six Months in the White House" (page 190), one of the most careful and authentic interpretations of the inner life of Lincoln extant, can hardly escape the charge either of careless preparation or the absence of entire ingenuousness. The omission is more noticeable since the words of Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Bateman found on the next page of Mr. Carpenter's book are quoted. There are other direct testimonies from the pens of those who were nearest to him in the later years of his life, but this quotation must be considered in any true estimate of Mr. Lincoln's religiousness.

"On an occasion I shall never forget," says the Hon. H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, "the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and Mr. Lincoln made this impressive remark: 'I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership,' he continued, 'the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both Law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and with all my soul.'"

The Centennial Week

We doubt if history affords a parallel to the widespread, intelligent and spontaneous way in which the centennial of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated. The birth-day promptly overflowed into the birth-week. The manifestations in Chicago were typical of exercises all over the country and to a degree all over the civilized world. Here in Chicago all the large halls were crowded and the greatest speakers that committees could reach were utilized; all the schools, public and private, had elaborate programs; churches of every creed and race joined in the celebration; fraternities, clubs, settlements, millionaires and working men all had their special programs and vied with each other in their praise and appreciation. The chorus was earnest because sincere, hearty because genuine, spontaneous because heartfelt.

It was a busy week at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of UNITY, and a few notes concerning the activities here and those of the Senior Editor may serve as typical.

The quotation exercises of the Sunday-school on Sunday evening, February 7, showed the children not only in possession of a keen appreciation and love for Lincoln, but wonderfully well equipped with his familiar words. The small tots had their high texts; the boys and girls were prompt with Lincoln sayings.

The Fraternal Meeting on Monday evening brought from Mr. Beals a splendid appeal for internationalism and the peace program. Miss Jane Addams found a text in Lincoln's speech, made when he was twenty-seven years old, making reverence for law the civic religion of the land. Charles Hughes of the Chicago Bar spoke on "Fraternity," and the Editor of UNITY on "Lincoln as a Fraternalist."

On Tuesday night "The Lincoln That Survives" was the subject of the last of the six lectures in a course given under the auspices of the University Extension Society of the South Side, by the Editor of UNITY.

On Wednesday evening the "Calico Party" was a great success. Emerson Hall was crowded; calico, blue jeans and "hickory" were glorified. Homer Smith, a veteran of the Iron Brigade, a fiddler of fifty years' experience, from Benton Harbor, Mich., called off the old square dances. There was a deplorable lack of skill among those upon whom much time and money had been spent in perfecting them in the art. It was a curious revelation of defective education, partial training, for it was quite manifest that the old order, where at least eight people entered into the complications, brought more social delight and exchange of fellowship than the exclusive modern swinging where "two is company and three is none." In a short address Miss Amalie Hofer called attention to the revival of the folk dances, not only as a means of sociability but of civil training, a

help in the making of citizens in settlements and the small parks of our city, and she saw many signs that the old fashioned dances are to be revived. The chief difficulty in the way, she said, is in the procuring of the sufficiently intelligent "fiddlers." If the experience of the Calico Party at the Lincoln Centre is to be relied upon, it predicts a revival of "Money Musk," "Pop goes the Weasel," "The Arkansaw Traveler" and the rest of them. UNITY would like to encourage the organization of "Gentryville Dancing Clubs" at its numerous centers, where calico, jeans, hard-times and hickory will represent the fashions, where square dances will be the order, older youths be in the ascendency, and seasonable hours enforced. Where will the first experiment be tried?

On Thursday the Senior Editor addressed 350 of the small children of the University School of Education in the morning, 400 of the boys and girls of the Lake View High School in the afternoon, and then took himself to Madison, where on Friday morning he addressed an audience of over 3,000 of the students and professors of the University and citizens of Madison, in Gymnasium Hall. At the close of the address President Van Hise announced that a replica of the Weinmann statue of President Lincoln, which is to grace the public square at Hodgenville, Kentucky, had been secured for the University and was to be unveiled on the campus during anniversary week.

On Friday evening, what was supposed to be the largest audience gathered in one place during the week was assembled at the Dexter Stock Show Pavilion, near the Stock Yards. Over 15,000 men, women and children were gathered to hear a chorus of 500 voices sing the old songs and to see Lincoln pictures. The crowd was too big to be reached by any human voice, even with the help of a long-range megaphone. Many of them were beyond the reach of most of the instruments of the admirable First Regiment band. But the Editor of UNITY yelled his loudest and the men at the horns blew their hardest, and at least the bass drum was heard and the pictures were seen, and there was a lot of enthusiasm and noisy applause over the things they did not hear. As an outpouring of public enthusiasm, a rally of all sorts and conditions of men, as an occasion for the making of citizens out of Slavs, Italians, Russians, Celts and Saxons, it was a great success.

The exercises at the Centre reached their climax, as was designed, at the Saturday night banquet. The 280 chairs were occupied and the tardy ones found themselves left outside the gate. The menu, which included roast pig, hominy, raw turnips, sassafras tea and rye coffee, was altogether satisfying, beautifully prepared by the ladies of the Centre and served by a gay band of half a hundred girls who entered singing "Bringing in the Sheaves." So tender and fine were the addresses, so wide and varied were the greetings, that we propose to give over our pages next week to this occasion, and our readers may look for a Banquet Number.

The last word at the Centre was the Sunday morning sermon on "Lincoln the Emancipator," found in another column. A storm of rain, slush and wind prohibited the organized appearance of the Eighth Regiment I. N. G., colored, but the Frederick Douglass Center was well represented and a goodly attendance gathered notwithstanding.

The same weather prohibition interfered with the evening audience at Orchestra Hall at the center of the city, where W. J. Calhoun, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones made the addresses, and Julius Lombard, the old war singer, led in the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

A strenuous week but not a wearisome week. The inspiration of many hearts beating as one, the uplift of great thoughts and the sustaining power of a great heart and a noble life made the labor easy and the laborers numerous. It was a benign week everywhere. May the benignity spread and become perpetual.

Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin

The same day that the child was born in that log cabin without floor, in the wild-woods of a new country, the child of humble parents, without tradition and without culture, there was born another babe in a stately English home around which gathered the inherited traditions of respectability, culture and accumulated wealth. He was the child of favored ancestry, born to financial ease as the other was to hunger. He was born to the school, college and university privilege. According to his own estimate, he had too many of the opportunities that were denied to the child of the back-woodsman, but he too was stirred with the divine passion which he as little understood as did the lad of the clearings. He too was moved with a thirst for knowledge, felt the sublimity of nature, rejoiced in the solitudes of the forest and heard the cry of the depressed. It is a long social distance from the voyager on her Majesty's ship, the Beagle, equipped with all the appliances and comforts then known to science, to the raft that floated down the Mississippi river with its load of such truck as pioneers had to barter.

> "Tell Nancy to make me twelve instead of eight shirts. Tell Edward to send me up in my carpet-bag (he can slip the key in the bag tied to some string), my slippers, a pair of lightish walking-shoes, my Spanish books, my new microscope (about six inches long and three or four deep), which must have cotton stuffed inside; my geological compass."

So wrote the English boy to his sister. The voyageur of the Mississippi was bare-footed. A coonskin cap, buckskin breeches for cold and a blue-jeans jumper for the hot days, constituted his wardrobe.

How wide the distance between these twin children of destiny, thrown out of the tardy womb of time in

one day and offered as one gift of time to eternity, meaureless and incomparable. One of these became a great prophet of nature, the other a great prophet of human nature. One delved deep into the secrets of the life in plant and animal, the other sank his plummet into the profounder depths of the human heart.

One by slow and patient search sought out the secrets of life, and the other by bold adventure sought to measure and advance the social forces that make for human weal and human liberty. The one, when a boy at the university of Edinburgh, surmised that he would never need to earn his living, and so his interest in medicine as a calling ran low. He attributed his subsequent achievements to the fact that he never had to agonize for bread. Says John Fiske, in this connection, "A man of science should never be called upon to earn a living, for that is a wretched waste of energy in which the highest intellectual power is sure to suffer serious detriment and runs a risk of being frittered away into hopeless ruin." The other lad knew all the bitterness of poverty and the anxiety of wants.

These twins of destiny climbed the heights of fame together. Both won the crown that belongs to helpers of men, servants of truth. Let no one ask which service was more acceptable to God or of most value to man, for the wide reach of human needs calls for both services; and history will place upon the brow of each the radiant crown that belongs to those who have broken fetters, and humanity will glory in the freedom bought through the vicarious sufferings of both. One broke the shackles of ignorance and bigotry, which chain the mind, the other, the cruel fetters that bind the limbs and make marketable property out of men and women. One heard the sobs of the slave calling in Brazil and the other's heart waxed hot over the humiliations of the human auction block in New Orleans, both in their own way becoming emancipators of men.

As yet the circle of human development is so broken that these twins of destiny must needs be born far apart, though at the same moment of time, but when humanity becomes full orbed, we may believe that it will produce in a single personality the patience of the one with the eloquence of the other, give to one life the culture of the universities and the health of the backwoodsman, so that the man of science will not repine in his old age as this one did over his loss for his relish of poetry, the estrangement from his companions of youth, Milton, Wordsworth,and Shelley, and the man of social science, the statesman and the leader will not always be impaled upon the cross of poverty, distrust, suspicion and envy and at the last wear the martyr's crown.

Said the great master of science:

"I never turn one inch out of my course to gain fame, I feel no remorse for having committed any great sin, but I have often regretted that I have not done more good direct to my fellow creatures."

Said the great Commoner:

"Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith dare to do our duty."

On this one hundredth anniversary we seek the sensitive conscience and the stalwart will that lead us on to the heights that will make us worthy successors of these inspirted prophets of progress whom God sent to the world in one marvelous creative impulse through the gates of birth on the 12th day of February, 1809—Charles Darwin and Abraham Linroln.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm, yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match our peaks and plains and seas.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that falls for all;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the cloven rock;
The underlying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind;
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

I feel that the time is coming when the sun shall shine, the rain fall, on no man who shall go forth to unrequited toil.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE PULPIT.

Lincoln, the Emancipator

SERMON PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 14, 1909, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Whenever I hear any one arguing for slavery I feel an impulse to see it tried on him personally.—Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's character, like the angled spar, presents many facets, each of which reflects light and rewards study, and which in these commemorative days has inspired the poet and the orator. His mercy, his generosity, his tenderness, his forgiving spirit, his patient persistence, and many other phases of his character, have received, as they deserve, more or less careful study; but Abraham Lincoln's central place in the history of the United States, as well as his abiding throne in the heart of humanity, is indicated by the phrase which I have chosen for my subject,—Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator. His crowning, unique act under providence was to drive the last nail into the coffin in which human slavery was buried. Abraham Lincoln did many noble things, the noblest of which was to declare freedom to the slave. Abraham Lincoln penned many imperishable sentences; with his own hand he wrote his place in literature and on the tablet of fame, but the noblest product of his pen was the Emancipation Proclamation which, when all the details that surrounded it and for a time obscured it are gone, will stand out in bold and clear outlines alongside of the Declaration of Independence as one of the two great imperishable documents contributed by the United States to the history of civil liberty. The fourth day of July, 1776, and the first day of January, 1863, will stand as pivotal dates in the history of democracy, and the second centennial of Lincoln's birth will find the latter document and date more prized and better known than on the first centennial.

In the interest of history let me try to show briefly some of the facts that indicate the central character of this task in the life of Lincoln. The deliberate preparation, the slow but sure ripening of purpose and the persistency of events and disposition culminated in the Emancipation Proclamation, which carried in its train the amendments to the Constitution that made slavery impossible in the United States and vouchsafed the rights of citizenship to those who were once chattels, recognizing under the laws of the nation the fact made manifest in the laws of God,—that peculiarities of race or complexions do not break through the unities of the soul, the solidarity of the race, the identity of the loves, aspirations, the power of thought, the ability to act, and the inalienable rights that go with such power and ability.

The training of the Emancipator began early. The best authority concerning the immediate fore-elders of the early life of Abraham Lincoln is Doctor Christopher Columbus Graham, a scientist of more than local repute, one of the earliest botanists and geologists of Kentucky, who was present at the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, and was intimate with the Rev. Jesse Head, who officiated at their wedding; he has left a certified document which testifies that

"The Rev. Jesse Head talked freely and boldly against slavery; that Thomas and Nancy Lincoln and Sallie Bush were just steeped full of Jesse Head's notions about the wrong of slavery and the rights of man, as explained by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine."

We learn also that in that neighborhood, five years before the birth of Abraham Lincoln, there was formed the "Baptist Licking-Locust Association Friends of Humanity," an anti-slavery organization. We also have Lincoln's own testimony that one of the reasons for the immigration of the family into Indiana when he was nine years of age was the desire of the parents to get out from under the cloud of slavery. Lincoln further testifies that he never knew the time when he did not think slavery wrong. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," he said.

So, long before the young boatman of New Orleans exclaimed with clenched fists to John Hanks as they came upon a slave auction sale, "My God, look at that! If power is given me, I will hit that thing hard!" his mind was attuned to liberty's plea, his heart was set against tyranny and slavery.

1836-7 are recognized by the historian as turbulent years in the history of American liberty. The abolition movement was traveling the thorny road that was leading unwittingly to the Calvary of '61-65. Lloyd Garrison had been led through the streets of Boston by a broad-cloth mob, with a rope about his neck; the Mayor of Boston had apologized to the Mayor of Baltimore, saying that the *Liberator,* Garrison's paper, was published "in an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colors." Private schools that received negro pupils had been raided in New Hampshire and Connecticut; the press of an anti-slavery paper at Cincinnati had been thrown into the Ohio river; the meeting-place of Philadelphia abolitionists had been burned, and Elijah Lovejoy's press in Alton, Illinois, had been thrown into the Mississippi and he himself murdered. From the primitive state Legislature of Illinois came a humble protest; it was the "still small voice" speaking now in broken accents, but prophetic of the clear judgment that was to come. A protest was filed against certain resolutions on the subject of domestic slavery which were passed by both branches of the General Assembly. The protest declared that the undersigned "believe that the institution of slavery is founded both on injustice and bad policy," and the protest was signed by "Dan Stone" and "A. Lincoln," representatives from the county of Sangamon.

This was in 1837. Ten years later Lincoln was a representative from Illinois in Congress, and his first conspicuous act was to introduce the so-called "Spot" resolutions, an attempt to trace the Mexican war movement, which he opposed, to its real source,—the desire to extend the slave territory. Before his term of office expired in 1849, he offered the bill for abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia and for the gradual abolition of slavery. And he noted with disgust "a sort of negro livery stable where droves of negroes were collected and temporarily kept and finally taken to southern markets, precisely like droves of horses, within sight of the capitol."

About this time he carried to the Supreme Bench of Illinois an argument against the validity of a note which had been given in payment for a negro girl.

Of his two years' service in the Lower House of

Congress he seemed to take pride only in the fact that he had voted over forty-two times against the extension of the territory of slavery. He returned to his law practice and to his private life. In his own words he was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise stirred him as he never had been stirred before. "Slavery," he said, "continually exercises the power to make me miserable."

In his Peoria speech, in which he was warming to the great debate, he said,—

"When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government; that is despotism. No man is good enough to govern another man without the other man's consent."

He further said:

"Repeal the Missouri Compromise, repeal the Declaration of Independence, repeal all past history, still you cannot repeal human nature. Our republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us purify it; let us turn and wash it white, in the spirit if not in the blood of the Revolution."

Mr. Morgan, in his Life, quotes a frend of Lincoln as remembering him to have said:

"I know there is a God and he hates injustice and slavery; I see the storm coming; I know his hand is in it; if he has a place and work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing but Truth is everything."

Then comes his "house divided against itself" speech, the tug of war between the Little and the Big Giant, the story of which is again revived in these centennial days; then at last came the baptism of blood, his lonely struggle in the interest of compensated emancipation, for Lincoln was large enough to know that slavery was not so much a personal vice as a national sin, a social wrong, an unconscious and to a degree innocent inheritance of a more barbarous condition.

Following the Emancipation Proclamation came the arming of the freedmen. What a translation, from slaves to soldiers until over one hundred and fifty thousand black men were in the ranks, following the flag. "Accept this force and you save the Union," said Lincoln.

Then came the Thirteenth Amendment, and we find Frederick Douglass saying, "Mr. Lincoln is the only white man with whom I have ever talked or in whose presence I have ever been who did not, consciously or unconsciously, betray to me that he recognized my color." We see Frederick Douglass taking tea with him in his cottage at the Soldiers' Home; we see colored people at the President's receptions, and at last we see him entering the captured capital of the Confederacy with an escort of freedmen who, with tear-stained faces, chanted their rude hallelujahs.

Of course "Emancipator" is the most fundamental adjective to be used in regard to Lincoln, if adjective is to be used at all. To pivot his life around any other adjective to the exclusion or the minimizing of this one of "Emancipator" is to confuse history, make chaos out of a life that was wonderfully ordered, coherent, and consistent, so far as consistency is compatible with a growing and living thing. If "Emancipator" is the key-word to Lincoln, so the Emancipation Proclamation is the pivotal point not only in the history of the war and in the history of the United States, but in the history of human liberty. We ought all to see it now, but it took a poet's vision to see it then.

On September 22, 1862, when the word of warning was promulgated, five days after the battle of Antietam, the victory Lincoln had waited for, Charles Godfrey Leland wrote these prophetic though hurried lines. They may halt in their rhythm, but they are clear and true in their prediction:

"Now who has done the greatest deed
  Which history has ever known?
And who in Freedom's direst need
  Became her bravest champion?
Who a whole continent set free?
  Who killed the curse and broke the ban
Which made a lie of liberty?
  You, Father Abraham,—you're the man!

* * * *

"This wide world talks in many a tongue—
  This world boasts many a noble state;
In all your praises will be sung—
  In all the great will call you great.
  Freedom! where'er that word is known—
  On silent shore, by sounding sea,
'Mid millions, or in deserts lone—
  Your noble name shall ever be.

"The word is out, the deed is done,
  The spear is cast, dread no delay;
When such a steed is fairly gone,
  Fate never fails to find a way.
Hurrah! hurrah! the track is clear,
  We know your policy and plan;
We'll stand by you through every year;
  Now, Father Abraham, you're our man."

On the 12th of April, 1861, some insurrectionist fired upon the flag that waved over Fort Sumpter. Four years and two days after that, the 14th day of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, the most humane of presidents and unique of leaders, fell, pierced with an assassin's bullet. The period between these two fell shots was crowded with the most expensive war in history, whether the expense be estimated in treasure, domestic and civil disturbance, or human sacrifice. In the eighty national cemeteries established and guarded by the Union, over 300,000 men who wore the blue are buried. At least an equal number fell of those who wore the gray; the gray men, too, with equal heroism and fidelity, laid down their lives for a cause so sadly lost that there was no band left to gather their ashes and no government to protect their resting-place. For the main part, the 300,000 wearers of the gray, more or less, lie in unmarked graves; nay, many of them were denied even a grave; nature claimed them as they fell, unburied, by roadside, in wilderness and in swamp.

Here is a direct sacrifice of 600,000 enlisted men, with easily the necessary 400,000 of civilians, servants, broken-hearted parents and neglected orphans to make the million sacrifice of human life; an estimated cost in treasure of $8,000,000,000, $3,000,000,000 of which represents the accumulated debt of the Union. This will ultimately be paid, but the billions of promises to pay accumulated on the other side went down with the hopes and the courage that inspired them.

O what a horrible devastation! what terrible sacrifice! What can make amends for this immeasurable anguish, boundless debauchery, the sacrifice of ideals, the letting loose of the hell-hounds that are ever leashed to the car of war,—lust, anger, vengeance, inebrieties innumerable? Surely no temporary good, no politician's plea for "state's rights" on the one hand or sanctity of the Union on the other, could justify the horrible cost. Bigness in itself carries with it little honor; territorial boundaries are of little consequence. Small states have made for themselves great places in history. Extensive empires are often remem-

bered, if at all, with pity and contempt. There is no justification possible to this war if it is not found in the great words given us through the throes of a sister republic across the sea,—"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Phrase it as you please, there was but one cause for the war, and that was slavery, and but one justification of it, and that was liberty. The bold main fact remains; generations cannot gainsay it, and they evade it at their peril. Four million and more human beings were claimed as chattels by a few hundred thousand men, and their claim was justified by law, defended by the state, and tolerated by the United States. These men and women were subject to sale and transfer like cattle in the market. They were now petted and fondled and again whipped and scourged, like a pet dog or a fond horse. And the only line between owner and owned was a color line, and that color line oftentimes more theoretical than actual, for the black skin has been bleached by the bestiality of white men to an extent that would be grotesque were it not so infamous.

This state of things was justified on the theory that there is an inherent inferiority which marks the negro race, an essential and lasting difference in quality, an ineradicable race line which the God of the universe has decreed in the very nature of things, and that those on one side of the line were to serve, those on the other side to command.

That many believed this sincerely is proved by the fact that they sealed their faith with the most heroic death; they pledged their all,—homes, churches, schools, loves, hates, and lives on this principle, while on the other side there were those who believed in the essential unity of the human race, the community of interest in the spiritual realms, the divine quality in every human soul, however meanly wrapped in black skin or white.

Let others read the inspirations of the North as they please, account for the patriotism as they will, the only adequate explanation of their devotion and their courage is found in the word "Liberty." So far as ethical questions can be settled by war,—and alas! little can be done that way,—the question was settled in the interest of the human theory of the negro. The lurid verdict was written on a clouded sky by glistening bayonets,—"The black man is a man and must be respected as such, so far as legislation can settle these questions."

The verdict of war was accepted as conclusive; slavery was written down by prophet, poet, statesman, and the decision, so far as legal enactment goes, was accepted by the conquered as well as the conquerors.

It was an awful price to pay, but as for myself, I deem the abolition of the auction block cheap at any price. Much as I hate war, I would accept the bitter experience again and march over every foot of ground that I traversed from '62 to '65, for the sake of knowing that the black mother was permitted to give birth to the child who left his elevator to become the guest of English nobility, the poet-laureate of the negro race, deserving and receiving the praise that belongs to a poet, irrespective of rank and color. To utter a half-dozen words is to justify the war, in my mind. Armstrong, Hampton, Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Paul Lawrence Dunbar,—these names con-
Tuskegee, Paul Laurence Dunbar,—these names con-
the South as well as the North, and millions of money beneficently used, more and better cotton fields, a wealthier South, an emancipated white race, a striking decrease in the illiteracy of the white population.

All these seem to prove that the triumphs of the war were permanent triumphs, that the incalculable cost was justified.

But alas, by what slow processes do Liberty and justice come! In the guise of science, in social timidity and a recrudescence of the pride of race, there has come in many quarters a painful reaction. We hear preachers in the pulpit still pleading for segregation, educators deploring the education of the black man, and legislators, by tricks and downright subterfuge and circumlocution, disfranchising those who were enfranchised by the decrees of war, the acts of Congress and the signature of the great Emancipator.

Even did time permit, I would not stoop to argue such a question at this high festival of commemoration of the great Emancipator. There are plenty of cold, hard facts at hand to prove that the colored man was worthy the confidence placed in him by the dead who wrought and died for his freedom. They have justified the momentous signature of the benign Lincoln, the holiest autograph in history,—that attached to the Emancipation Proclamation.

The facts prove that the colored man is on his way towards a full justification of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments of the Constitution. Booker T. Washington is no racial freak. There are others, both white and black, following in his wake, emulating his example, studying his triumphs. Hampton, Atlanta, Nashville, Holly Springs, Mount Meigs, Macon, Chattanooga, Huntsville and a score of other cities offer the same story,—of a race hungry for culture, responsive to training, of young men and women overcoming difficulties in the spirit of Booker T. Washington.

The story of the education of the emancipated race is one of the most marvelous stories in the history of civilization and the noblest tribute paid to the memory of Lincoln. The great Grant proved his skill in military strategy at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Petersburg and Appomatox, but the most strategic move he ever made was when he appointed John Eaton, the Ohio chaplain, to give instruction to the colored people that flocked into his lines in Tennessee. Since that day it is estimated that a million colored people have been taught to read. It is estimated that fully one-half of the 150,000 colored troops that were mustered into the United States service were taught to read and write in the service. The spelling book had its place in the belt alongside of the cartridge box, and the spelling book proved to be the more invincible weapon.

I wish that by the power of song, of scripture, prayer or sermon, or rather by the combined power of all of them, we might be lifted to the mountain peaks of our gratitude and reach the climax of our praise in rejoicing over Lincoln, the Emancipator.

There is no ground for despondency, but there is abundant need of vigilance. Lincoln's work cannot be undone, but its progress can be retarded by the very same foes which he had to overcome,—expediency, timidity, racial prejudice and social cowardice,—all of them combining to enforce again the blinding lines of geography. The old Mason and Dixon line was an expediency long since outgrown. The old antebellum cry was, "Do not interfere with our peculiar institutions"; and there is a post-bellum cry about "southern" problems, a cry that the southern people must handle their own problems. There is no North

or South in freedom; the question of justice knows no state limits. The status of the negro in New Orleans, in the eyes of God, aye, in the eyes of enlightened statesmanship and civic justice, is exactly the same as the status of the negro in Chicago. He wants a square deal everywhere; he is a candidate for all that nature and human nature have fitted him for in the one city as in the other. No state rights, no northern and southern boundaries can make legal sophistry, legislative double-dealing and injustice other than dangerous.

But this is no time to multiply words. The message of Abraham Lincoln to the men he emancipated should also be vocalized today. When the white man sold the black man for money consideration, the shame was on the white man, but when the black man sells himself for money, barters the highest gift of manhood,—his ballot,—for base consideration, then the disgrace is upon the black man and ignominy awaits him who does it; and the black man that countenances it is an assassin that would strike a more deadly blow at the great Emancipator than did the bullet of John Wilkes Booth. That bullet at its worst did but release the spirit and give rest to the tired body, but the colored man who debauches the ballot box, who sells his vote, or blindly follows an unscrupulous leader, black or white, would fain undo the work of the great Emancipator and render his high sacrifice in vain.

Let not my last note be one of criticism or of despair. Lincoln's message to us is as clear, as pertinent now as when it was delivered in his second inaugural:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Let us go forward. If the right of franchise is to be qualified, let the line run across all races and both sexes, trusting the competent, excluding the incompetent. Defective education is to be corrected by more education. Better always and everywhere a good black man than a bad white man; better a wise negro than a fool Yankee; better honesty with a black skin than rascality with a white skin.

The song becoming this high climacteric of the first Lincoln century is still

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,

* * *

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

In four years,—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them, the true representative of this continent, an entirely public man, father of his country, the pulse of millions throbbing in his heart.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Industrial Insurance in the United States

This book* by so well known an authority as Professor Henderson, will be heartily welcomed by every student of social progress, and will influence industrial insurance legislation in the United States. The immense body of statistics gathered and carefully analyzed make it a valuable book for reference.

The first part of the work consists of a careful summary and estimate of laws on industrial insurance in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, France, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Spain, Holland, Luxemburg, Great Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Following this is a description of "The Nature and Extent of the Demand for Industrial Insurance in the United States." Following this is the description of the agencies now at work to meet this demand—local relief societies, trade unions, fraternal societies employers' liability laws, private insurance companies, the insurance schemes of some of the leading firms and corporations, of railway corporations, municipal pension systems, federal pension systems, protective legislation, and a concluding chapter, "Survey and Outlook." The appendix presents a copy of the more important insurance laws of different states, as well as the regulations of several important schemes of insurance which have stood severe tests.

The author says: "Unquestionably Germany leads the world in industrial insurance, and has prospered while she built up the system, probably largely in consequence of it. Germany has had compulsory sickness and accident insurance since 1885; invalid and old age pensions since 1891, and is already working out plans to secure income to widows and orphans and for the unemployed." With this plan all parties in Germany are now agreed. "This unity of purpose has been attained in spite of early misgivings and antagonisms, because of the manifest advantages of the system." The advantages that have attended the German systems are thus briefly summarized:

"Accident and sickness and old age insurance have not been found a burden upon the industry and commerce of the nation. Wages have risen more rapidly than in any other country, the insurance premiums so far as paid by the employers are a clear addition to wages. In times of sickness, disability from accident or old age, the workman has a legal right to honorable maintenance, and so that the degradation of charity is avoided; the cost of accident insurance premiums makes it the direct and manifest interest of the employers to use all possible protective devices to prevent injury and diseases; the administration of sickness and invalid funds takes care to provide means of speedy and effective cure of invalids; the committees of administration bring employers and workmen together under conditions favorable to social conciliation; and in every direction the system seems to have promoted civilization and the common welfare." Professor Henderson insists, "insurance is not poor relief, but common justice, a method of fairly distributing the extraordinary costs of civilization. Since such insurance never has been and never can be made general by any voluntary scheme, the government, the agent of the common intelligence, conscience and will, intervenes far enough to enforce obligation, to regulate the method, and to insure the right of all concerned."

That the need of insurance is felt by the workmen

*Industrial Insurance in the United States, by Charles Richmond Henderson. The University of Chicago Press, Jan., 1909.

of the United States is made evident by the vast business that has been done by the different agencies that have undertaken to supply the demand. Many good points are found in the work of the local societies; but their weakness has been in lack of scientific procedure, and ability to meet emergencies. Rates have been largely arbitrary, and policies not always sufficiently secured. On the other hand the private companies have charged premiums that are practically prohibitive for the man working on the average wage. Before such facts, the United States must break from her individualistic theories and ethics, and see that in the interest of society itself, this insurance must be provided, and made compulsory. As the author points out, this policy has been practically recognized by municipal insurance systems for firemen, policemen, and in some cities the teachers in the public schools. It only needs to be carefully and gradually applied to all persons who are working on low salaries or wages. In this procedure we shall find guidance in the experience of the organizations that are now at work, which organizations may be used, but placed under more direct government supervisions and regulations. This work by Dr. Henderson will thus furnish the student of these problems with a wealth of direct and up to date information.

H. F. Burns.

Guests or Guessers

We actually *talked* last night. We were at a little party, and neither pencil nor paper appeared during the entire evening. It was a welcome relief, and we came home rested rather than tired out.

In my first realization that our hostess had thrown us upon our own responsibility, I was curious to see what would happen. It had been a long time since I had seen thirty people trusted to converse naturally.

How often have I composed imbecile poetry with a luckless partner; sorted out Shakespeare from Proverbs; been through questionaings galore as to my knowledge of geography, history, botany and everything else I have forgotten! I have guessed at "portraits," "book-titles," "musical terms," "hidden artists," "kitchen utensils," "United States Presidents" and antiquated conundrums.

The moment a smiling hostess appeared with *pencils,* I would feel the wheels buzz around in my head as my mental machinery responded to its mechanical task. It is a depressing spectacle to see two intelligent adults wandering about a room trying to recall, from sliced magazine pictures, the advertisements which they would rather forget. We deprecate the insipidity of card parties; but are the guessing games, when carried to excess, any less insipid? The card-players at least know what they are trying to do, while we wander about with forced hilarity and carefully stimulated enjoyment, suppressing our real thoughts.

It may be true that we cannot converse in these days, and it is little wonder, after a few years of training in this patent party device. We feel ourselves a part of a "pre-arranged harmony," our only function being to find our place in that "harmony." All sense of originality is lost, and we are a group of victims to be hurried through a given program by our well-meaning entertainers. Have you not seen substantial men bored and made miserable by some rhyme-making device or hidden quotation? One man said, as we were trying to fill in the blanks of an exciting narrative with the names of all the poets of Christendom, "This sort of thing is pretty severe on men like us."

Few of us, as hostesses, have been guiltless of the cut-and-dried program. I confess to having wasted hours searching for something new in the way of mild mental gymnastics. Such kindergarten exercises have their place in entertaining very young people still at the giggling stage, but let us not weary our grown-up friends with these inane programs.

Last night we took ourselves calmly and made no attempt to work up an artificial enthusiasm over things that bored us. We came to a sense both of freedom and of responsibility as guests, and tried to give our best to each other. Our hostess may have had a plan, but it at no time became apparent. When we found we were to be trusted, and not enticed into any "guessing game," we blossomed out amazingly as conversationalists. If there was method, it was the method of *suggestion* rather than of program.

Here, a group admired some charming Dutch tiles about a fireplace; another listened to the history of a quaint carving which dated back to the early French days in Canada; a staid councillor showed his gallantry by bravely and gravely discussing winter hats with the two ladies near him; two or three globe-trotters exchanged experiences as they looked over some foreign photographs; several matrons discussed the ethics of children's parties and of allowing their boys to play marbles "for keeps"; in one corner some Canadians and Americans talked over the tariff question: and, of course, the last book each had read came in for due discussion. If conversation *be* a somewhat forgotten art, it has lost none of its appeal when rediscovered. Last night our privilege was not abused; for business and neuralgia and domestics were not once, in my hearing, brought to the fore.

I recall the confession of a charming old lady: "My dear, I do not care much for these 'teas.' I like the old-fashioned parties best, where men and women meet as men and women, and the conversation is more *stimulating.*" I felt the significance of that remark as we were coming home, and my husband said: "Isn't Madam ——— a charming woman?" "Of course she is!" I answered enthusiastically. "Is that a new discovery?" "Yes," he replied, "I've *seen* her often, but it was the first time I ever had an opportunity to *talk* with her." Opportunity for conversation and real acquaintance would go far to restore our self-respect, cultivate originality and establish our equilibrium as guests in these times of fads and forced amusements. —*Mary Newell Youtz.*

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AT THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

New life, new joy, all mystery,
The mother sees her new-born child;
She weeps, smiles, prays that it may be
A living spirit undefiled.
Whence this sweet treasure? Heaven gave
The boon so blessed, life divine,
And he from evil ways will save
And make the precious jewel shine.

Life of my life—a sacred trust,
A soul to train in ways of right,
Not born to perish as the dust,
But live as the perennial light.
I must not trifle, but declare
My life must richer be, and fill
The cup of good my child must share,
Whose life I would with pleasure fill.

O precious baby, to my heart
I hold thee mine, forever mine;
Nothing from thee my love can part,—
For thy good would I all resign!

Judson A. Rich.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Let none falter who thinks he is right.

MON.—Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

TUES.—Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself.

WED.—With malice toward none, with charity for all.

THUR.—We shall not fail—if we stand firm we shall not fail.

FRI.—Revolutionize through the ballot box.

SAT.—Gold is good but brave men are better than gold.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE MEANING OF A SMILE.

We speak in many tongues, we men
  Who do the work that men must do
With sword and spade and plow and pen—
  My language may be strange to you;
I may not know when you complain,
  Nor comprehend if you revile;
Your preaching may be all in vain,
  But we are brothers when we smile.

The Malay may not understand
  When I explain to him my creed;
The Mongol, all unmoved and bland,
  May think that I am mad, indeed;
To them the words I use may be
  A jargon fashioned to beguile;
But they extend their hands to me
  And know my meaning when I smile.

We speak in many tongues, we men
  Who do the work that must be done,
And if, perchance, some morning when
  The first beam slanted from the sun
A savage faced you where you woke
  Upon the farthest South Sea isle,
He might not know what words you spoke,
  But he would understand your smile.

The spoken word may not convey
  The slightest meaning to our minds,
But from the coldest Lapland bay
  To where Magellan's channel winds,
From Ganges to the Amazon,
  From frozen Yukon to the Nile
And from LaPlata to the Don,
  There is one meaning for a smile.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

Would Lincoln Have Been Lincoln?

What would modern educational experts have made of Lincoln, if, as a baby, he had been put in their care? They would probably have started him on sterilized milk, clothed him in disinfected garments, sent him to kindergarten where he would have learned to weave straw-mats and sing about the Blue Bird on the Branch. Then the dentist would have straightened his teeth, the oculist would have fitted him with glasses, and in the primary grade he would have been taught by pictures and diagrams the difference between a cow and a pig, and through nature study he would have learned that the catbird did not lay kittens. By the time he was eight he would have become a "young gentleman," at ten he would have known more than the old folks at home, at twelve or fourteen he would have taken up manual training, and within two years made a rolling-pin and tied it with blue ribbon. In the high school at sixteen, in four years he would learn that Mars was the reputed son of Juno, and to recite a stanza from The Lady of the Lake. Then to college, where he would have joined the Glee Club and a Greek Letter Fraternity, smoked cigarettes and graduated, and then become a clerk in a banker's office; and never, never do any one harm! Well,—perhaps,—we don't know and can't tell what might have been, but we can't help feeling thankful that Lincoln's training and education were left to Nancy Hanks—and God.—*Universalist Leader.*

Not a Safe Man to Wed

The notions in regard to courtship and marriage held by Tibbie, the young Scotch-woman who presided over the Jameson kitchen, were a never-ending source of amusement to her mistress. "I've taken me mind off Archie MacLachlan, ma'am," Tibbie announced one day, referring to a young carpenter who had haunted her domain for some weeks. "He's no the man for me. I can see that weel."

"What has poor Archie done?" asked Mrs. Jameson, her heart filled with joy at the knowledge that she was not to lose her domestic treasure, as she had feared.

"It's what he has na done, ma'am," responded Tibbie, briskly. "I put a few tests to him. I said, 'Archie, if ye had a wife, an' come home some day to find she'd gone gadding with her kin and left the hoose in disorder, what'd you do?' And he looked at me with that foolish smile o' his, an' he said, 'I'd put it to rights mysel'.'

"Again I tried him with churchgoing. Said I, 'Archie, if ye had a wife that some Sawbeth morning would up an' tell ye she was too tired to bide the thoughts o' sitting under the minister, what'd you do?' And again he smiled foolish at me, an' said, 'I'd go an' listen for two.'

"And at last I tried him with the vanities of this world. I said, 'Archie, if ye had a wife that would take some o' your hard-earned money an' spend it for gay ribbons an' kickshaws to put on hersel', what'd you do?' And he smiled broader than ever, an' says he, 'I'd take my pleasure lookin' at her wi' 'em on her.'

"So then I up an' told him he'd best be looking elsewhere for a wife.

" 'You'd be a fearfu' pleasant man to wed,' I said to him, 'but such easy-going ways would na train a lass like me.'

"The answer to every one o' the three questions should 'a' been, 'I'd take a stick to her,' an' you know it!

"So now we've parted, ma'am."

—*Youth's Companion.*

ON THINKING GLAD.

Never mind a change of scene—
  Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
  What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
  Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
  Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
  Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape this stress of night,
  Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
  Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
  Surest cure for fretting.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDTOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne E. D. MARTIN. Payson S. Wild

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE BOER HOME INDUSTRIES IN THE TRANSVAAL.—Turning to the Transvaal, Miss Hobhouse continues, "The schools there are as follows:

Weaving schools.—Pretoria, Ermelo, Schweizer, Renecke, Belfast, Lichtenburg.

Spinning centers.—Vrededorp, Roseville, Irene, Heidelberg, Roodepoort (E. Transvaal), Bloemhof farms, Standerton farms, Lydenberg and Rustenburg(just beginning), Honingsnestkranz.

In addition, the work is spreading into many farms and groups of houses. Miss Moolman, for instance, who was not a very promising pupil, has turned out an excellent teacher. She really established the Ermelo school on good lines, and then, when recalled home by her father's health to a lonely part of Wakerstroon, she took with her, wheels and looms, and does work in her own neighborhood, with excellent results, I am told.

It is this purely country side of the work which I now rely on chiefly for the future. Whatever becomes of the Central School, I am confident the principles of weaving have taken root in the land and will flourish there, no matter what mistakes may be made.

The requests that reach me from the Cape Colony, Rhodesia, and even Central Africa, for weaving schools are very numerous, but I have to turn a deaf ear.

I propose, with the small sum of money which remains, to put everything in train for one first-class lace school, having the ready and eager promise of the Free State Government to take it over at the end of twelve months. They need industries sorely, and it has been curious to note how this idea of promoting a knowledge of industries has spread throughout the entire group of Colonies, village after village waking up to demand such teaching, and seeing in industrial education the only solution of the "poor white" question.

I trust the Committee and subscribers will be satisfied with the expenditure of their money, and its results during this five years' work. Three and a half of these I have spent in South Africa, and, hard as the work has been, it often seems wonderful to myself, the progress that has been made, both in the quality of the work and the extent that it covers."

So ends Miss Hobhouse's last communication in so far as it is laid before us in this report, the committee, however, in laying down their responsibility as backers of Miss Hobhouse's enterprise, add something to their summing up from which we quote:

The Committee have to announce that the administration and control of the Home Industries in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony have now been taken over by the respective governments of the two Colonies, thus affording the best witness to the complete success of the undertaking.

The publication of the report for 1908 has been delayed until the present time owing to the necessarily lengthy negotiations caused by the change of management, as it was thought advisable to wait until all arrangements had been made and the Committee were in a position to bring their work to a close.

The little spinning and weaving school founded by Miss Hobhouse at Philippolis in March, 1905, has grown and prospered, spreading its branches far and wide, until the work has become a part of the industrial life of the country, and has attained to the dignity of a Government Department.

In the Transvaal, the newly appointed Board of Management consists of five persons, including the chairman, which position was offered to, and declined by Miss Hobhouse. Mr. Garnett, a member of the Education Department, and President of the Normal College, has now been appointed chairman. The Board is responsible to Parliament, which voted the sum of £3,500 for the industry last year and over £4,000 for 1908-9.

Miss Hobhouse, having acted as official adviser to the Board of Management in the Transvaal, and having inaugurated the new scheme in the Orange River Colony, has returned to Europe for rest, and also to conduct inquiries concerning lace-making and silk-weaving. Cocoons of a fine quality are being produced in the Transvaal, and already some silk has been spun and woven by her pupils, thus giving hope for a new branch of the industry in the future. Smaller industries already started, include leatherwork, basket-making, and ostrich feather dress, and these have made fair progress.

Miss Johanna Rood has accompanied Miss Hobhouse to Europe, with the intention of studying lace-making, the Government of the Orange River Colony having undertaken to employ her to supervise that industry, when proficient. The necessary expenses are to be paid out of the remainder of Miss Hobhouse's fund.

Before closing this report, the Committee desire to thank all the subscribers to the Boer Home Industries, who, by their interest and generous response, have helped to make possible an undertaking, the value of which is felt throughout the greater part of South Africa. The work carried on by their means has brought interest, education, industry, and a certain amount of prosperity into dreary homes and desolate villages. It has brought back our courage and resolution, and more than all, helped to foster that spirit of brotherly kindness between Dutch and English on which the future welfare of South Africa depends.

The feelings of gratitude and personal devotion which have been aroused may be gathered from the following extracts from speeches by General Smuts and others on the occasion of the presentation of her portrait to Miss Hobhouse, by the ladies of the Transvaal, on October 7, immediately before her departure for England. General Botha telegraphed:

"I am very sorry that I missed you last night, and the more so that I cannot be present this afternoon to say a few words of appreciation of the good and everlasting work you have done amongst our people."

General Smuts, Colonial Secretary, thought that Miss Hobhouse had become, from her work in the country, in a manner part of the history of South Africa. The work she had started from a small root had spread from Philippolis to Johannesburg, and eventually here to Pretoria, and from here it was spreading over the whole of South Africa. But it was not so much the work—the work

WANZERS GERM-NO MILK

WANZER'S GERM-NO is for babies, invalids and all who need pure fresh milk.

WANZER'S GERM-NO is for strong healthy men and women and all who like pure fresh milk. It's pasteurized.

In bottles sterilized clean.

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

305-307 E. 30th St. 6313-6315 Kimbark Ave.

'Phone Douglas 817. 'Phone Hyde Park 207

was a great work, and if it continued to grow in that way, it was, as the Ladies' Address said, in a fair way to become truly national—they also appreciate the spirit in which the work was done. . . . He felt certain that she would feel that it was the earnest wish of that gathering and the whole of South Africa that, as soon as she was restored to health, she should come back and continue the work which she had done here. . . . After all, Miss Hobhouse was a South African woman, and they were all proud of her. They did not want her a mere memory; they wanted to continue to point to her as a landmark of their history, as one of the greatest benefactors for them in South Africa. M. E. H.

Patronize

Our Advertisers.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. SAVANNAH, GA.

Through service on the new Birmingham, Ala., extension of the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
RAILROAD

consisting of a

THROUGH BUFFET SLEEPING CAR

running between Chicago and Birmingham and Savannah, Ga. The sleeping car is carried out of Chicago daily on the "Limited" train No. 3, for the South, leaving at 6.00 p. m., arriving at Birmingham at 3.15 p. m. the following afternoon and at Savannah at 7.35 a. m. the second morning from Chicago, in connection with the Central of Georgia Railway from Birmingham.

BUFFET-LIBRARY CARS

in and out of Chicago,

DINING CARS

serving all meals en route between Chicago and Birmingham. Coaches between Chicago and Fulton, and

FREE CHAIR CARS

Fulton to Birmingham. Corresponding service northbound.

Tickets, reservations and information train time and rates may be had of local ticket agents.

S. G. HATCH, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.
A. H. HANSON, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

Some New Books

For Sale At

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT: MASTER DIVER
By F. Hopkinson Smith
12mo.; 76 pp.; 60 cents net; by mail 66 cents. Vol. V, "True American Types" Series.

SOME MEMORIES By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 248 pp.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

THE SEA OF FAITH By Milton Reed
12mo.; 111 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 87 cents.

THE HIGHER SACRIFICE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 54 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 86 cents.

PAUL By W. Wrede
12mo.; 163 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.09. (Extract is taken from the Preface.)

SONS OF THE PURITANS
By Various Authors
12mo.; 244 pp.; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60. Sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, by Francis C. Lowell; Morrill Wyman, by Henry P. Walcott; Horace Gray, by Ezra Ripley Thayer; Charles Franklin Dunbar, by Charles W. Eliot; Phillips Brooks, by Charles Carroll Everett; Francis Channing Barlow, by Edwin H. Abbot; Henry Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; William Henry Baldwin, Jr., by George R. Nutter. Illustrated with eleven portraits. (Extract is taken from the Introduction.)

THE CHURCH OF TODAY
By Joseph H. Crooker
12mo.; 177 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS
By Charles Gordon Ames
12mo.; 36 pp.; $1.50 net in cloth; $2.50 net in leather; postage, 10 cents additional.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS PLACE AMONG SACRED BOOKS By J. T. Sunderland
12mo.; 325 pp.; $1.20 net; by mail, $1.33.

MIRACLES AND MYTHS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT By Joseph May
12mo.; 191 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 50 cents net; by mail, 56 cents.

WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH
By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 283 pp.; $1.40 net; by mail, $1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents.

All the books you want, at the prices you have a right to secure. Call or write to

The Lincoln Centre Shop
209 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

PERFECT WORK AND PERFECT SERVICE

INSURE SATISFACTION AT THE

DREXEL LAUNDRY

3905-11 Langley Avenue
Phone Douglass 642

CREAMERIES;
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.

DOWD PURE MILK CO.

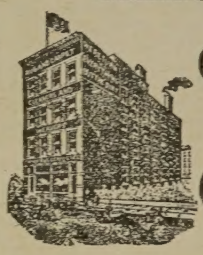
4326-34 Wabash Ave.
Phone Okland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO; Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.

ESTABLISHED 23 YEARS.

HAVE YOUR



Carpets and Rugs CLEANED

BY OUR

Sanitary Compressed Air Cleaning Process

We make New Rugs from your Old Carpets; also Rag Carpet in Latest Designs

THE ABT RUG AND CARPET CO.
839 S. Halsted Street Phone Canal 747

NEW TESTAMENT

Translated by an evolutionist, with evolutionary notes by the best liberal scholars. Part 1 now ready. 25 cents.

Common-Sense Bible Teacher
St. Paul, Minn.

SAMUEL A. NAHIN

Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker

Suite 804 Masonic Temple Phone Central 4562

For first class travel only
All other trains to Southern California, via any line, carry second-class sleepers and second-class passengers.

For art booklet of the Limited, address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A.T.&S.F. Ry. System, 154 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

This train of luxury will take your family away from cold weather to sunny California.
Has a Pullman for Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

THE LARGEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD

Keep CHICAGO & ALTON Trains
On Time Between
CHICAGO · ST. LOUIS · KANSAS CITY.
"The Only Way"
GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT. CHICAGO.

JOHN E. ROCKEFELLOW
Painters' Supplies
4321 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 409 CHICAGO

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

FRIENDSHIP CARDS.

Series 1.

Compiled by Evelyn H. Walker. Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Eva E. Adams, Mabel C. Dibble and Other Artists.

1. I Dreamed of Paradise. W. C. Gannett.
2. She Doeth Little Kindnesses. Lowell.
3. Through Thee Alone the Sky is Arched. Emerson.
4. But Love Shall Live Forevermore. F. L. Hosmer.
5. Your Love Has Made My Life Seem Fair. Algernon Tassin.
6. The Stars Come Nightly to the Sky. John Burroughs.
7. While Thy Soul Lives Thy Friend Is Thine. Lucy Larcom.
8. If Friendship On Me Smile. Emerson.
9. Wherever We Go, Love Goeth Too. W. C. Gannett.
10. Blessing She Is. Lowell.

Hand illuminated, each.....10 cents

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago.

FLOWER MESSENGERS.

Illustrated by Irene Jerome Hood.

1. Flower Messengers. Evelyn H. Walker.
2. Did'st Thou, My Dandelion?
3. It is but a Daffodil!
4. Just a Head of Nodding Clover. Juniata Stafford.
5. Sweet Brier. William Byron Forbush.
6. The Water Lily. M. F. Butts.
7. Who Plants a Flower. W. Emmet Gatewood.
8. Flower in the Crannied Wall. Tennyson.
9. The Buttercup. Margaret Deland.
10. Spring Violets. N. P. Willis.
11. The Rose.

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago.

The Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pa.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalogue address The Registrar, Meadville, Theological School

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136

Fine Residence Work Especially

Electricians and Locksmiths

3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

Bowman Dairy Company

Milk bottled in the country

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk

Do our wagons serve you?

Why not have the best?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all division offices.

Evanston -·- Chicago -·- *Oak Park*

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain Keeps the skin in perfect condition In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

Bissel Hand Laundry

231-235 E. 39th St. Near Langley Av.

Domestic Finish Only

Phone Doug. 1003

Satisfactory Work Punctual Delivery

Love and Loyalty

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

PRESS OPINION

We have read it with delight. Whether judged by the standard of thought or style, it is a classic of its kind.—Westminster Review (Philadelphia).

The great glowing soul of Mr. Jones is felt on almost every page. Free lance though he is theologically, he knows how to present the Christian life to young people winningly and to show them how it touches every detail of their daily behavior. —Congregationalist.

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temperament of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—The Record-Herald (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living, and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—The Watchman (Boston, Mass.).

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago

F. HOPE & SON

PAINTS ENAMELS ACME QUALITY STAINS VARNISHES THE KIND

Painting and Decorating

Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.

Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Ideal Cream

For Chapped and Rough Skin

Prepared by WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

J. Friedberg's Shade Factory

Store, Office and Fancy Shades a Specialty

WINDOW SHADES

3969 Cottage Grove Av.

Phone Douglas 2259 CHICAGO